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46.

1172.







**"He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of
the Most High."**

A
WREATH
OUT OF THE
ROSES OF LORETTO;

OR,
Rhymes to our Lady:

BEING
A PARAPHRASE OF THE LITANY.

WRITTEN BY A CONVERT, AND EDITED
BY A CATHOLIC PRIEST.



DERBY:

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172, FLEET STREET, LONDON; AND 9, CAPEL STREET,
DUBLIN.

1846.



1172.

TO
THE MEMORY
OF
CHARLES MICHAEL,
LATE BISHOP OF PELLA,
AND
Vicar Apostolic in the Western District,
THE FOLLOWING RHYMES
WHICH HE HAD KINDLY UNDERTAKEN TO
REVISE, AS WELL AS TO HONOUR WITH
HIS SANCTION AND PATRONAGE,
ARE,
IN TOKEN OF GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE
AND UNFEIGNED ADMIRATION,
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

Preface.

THE Blessed Virgin Mother of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, her unequalled sufferings, her perfect humility, and her incomparable purity on earth, her glorious assumption into Heaven, and her still more glorious reign in that happy kingdom of peace and love, have ever been among the favourite themes of the Christian poet. There may be consequently some, who, deeming the subject exhausted in a poetical point of view, would desire that a less exalted flight should have been attempted, or a less trodden track explored, so that the author might escape the imputation of presumption, and his task that of weariness. To these, he has but two remarks to make: first, that the unhappy schism which took place in this kingdom at the period of the falsely-termed Reformation, had diverted the energies of the British poet into other

channels, leaving a void in the Christian literature of England, which it should be the fond desire of every Catholic to see filled up: secondly, that the more exalted the theme, the wider will be the field which the imagination has to range. Will any one assert that the praises of the Almighty Being who made and preserves the universe, could ever exhaust the imagination, or pall and weary the devout gleaner of whatever may be good or beautiful in thought or words? or that the labours of the Saviour of mankind could ever so exhaust expression, as that His finite creature might declare: "Thus much shall ye say of Him and no more?" Such language could never escape the mouth of a true Christian. Thought, therefore, may lavishly expend its powers, and language freely exercise itself upon the ever-glorious theme of the highest and holiest of created beings, upon the lowliest of Virgins, who was raised to be the Mother of our God, and the Queen of the angelic hosts of Heaven. The glory of the Most High, which is spread over the universe, is brightest in heaven which is the

centre of His glory, and as the Queen of Heaven* has been placed by her divine Son on his own right hand in the seat of honour, where nothing can intercept the rays

* By this expression, it is not by any means to be imagined that Catholics place the Mother of their Lord on an equality with her Divine Son: for while He is the acknowledged King of Heaven and of earth, so the greatest of created beings must ever bow in complete subjection to Him, or they merit and obtain the punishment which Lucifer and his angels have drawn upon themselves. Through the Omnipotence of God the Son, it hath pleased Him to raise His Blessed Mother—by whom He chose to enter into this world, and to take upon Him the form of man—to the highest dignity which one of His creatures could attain; and as we find (in Apoc. iii. 21.) that the promise of a seat on His throne is given unto him that shall overcome even as He hath overcome, and hath sat down on His Father's throne; and again, that He tells His Apostles that they shall occupy twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel, (Matt. xix. 28.) so we are authorized in using the expression of Queen of Heaven in regard to her who is undoubtedly placed upon the highest throne in His kingdom. Being aware that the expression is objected to by some, as having been used (in Jer. xlv.) for the moon, to whom the idolatrous Israelites persisted in sacrificing, I would merely say that the fury of the Lord was not kindled against His

of His countenance upon her, how glorious must be her beauty, and what homage can be too great for us to pay to her who was first chosen to bring forth into the world the Saviour of mankind, the King of heaven; and from this scene of her earthly sorrows was transplanted to a world where sorrow is no more, and seated in that heavenly kingdom next to her divine Son. Let none therefore suppose, that enough can have been said or spoken in honour of this ever-blessed Virgin; nor blame the efforts, however feeble, which a grateful heart may deem itself called upon to make, towards spreading the knowledge of the bounties of this Queen of Heaven amongst those nations who have well-nigh extinguished her remembrance, or unto whom the sound of her praise has not yet gone forth. Though the present attempt may be found very

rebellious people for their terming the moon the queen of heaven, but for actually worshipping it as such; and the term will not appear objectionable when it is taken in its figurative sense, as conveying to the mind that the Mother of our Redeemer has been placed upon the highest seat in His kingdom.

inadequate, yet may it be the means of inciting others more successful—whilst, even supposing that this desirable effect should not be produced, there is this consolation to cheer the author in his imperfect effort that some thought or sentiment may perchance find an echo in the heart of some humble Christian, who, poor in the wisdom of this world, may be continually drinking of the fountain of heavenly wisdom, and in his sacred intercourse may hereafter be induced to remember one who would fain drink also for ever of the same blessed stream, and charitably to offer a prayer in his behalf at the throne of Grace. The Catholic is always seeking intercession from the consciousness of his own utter unworthiness; he will solicit one dear friend after another, beseeching their remembrance during prayer; he will moreover, as a believer in the Communion of Saints, in Heaven as well as on earth, turn to those Blessed Souls whose attested miracles and holy lives have enabled the Church to declare their holiness; and far above all, will look with confidence unto her who was selected to be the Mother of

his God; and knowing that she is ever near her Divine Son, and that He would refuse her nothing which she might ask of Him, he beseeches her powerful aid in his behalf, crying out, "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now, and at the hour of our death. Amen."

In times when many ardent searchers after Truth, are daily finding this precious pearl in the safe keeping of that Church with whom the casket of Truth was deposited by its great Master, numbers of humble-minded souls will remember with gratitude their experience of the intercession of this Blessed Mother. Feeling united by an especial bond with such as these, the writer hopes for their sympathy, and while they may perhaps consider the following unpretending effusions, as unworthy of the high and holy object for which they were penned, yet he trusts they will make a passing memorial in their prayers to the ever-blessed Virgin, of one who attributes his happy conversion to this faithful Advocate of the Lowly and Friendless.

Do thou then, most Blessed Mary, in

whose honour the following lines have been written, speed their end, and cause them to bring refreshment to some parched and thirsty soul, mercifully interceding the while for one who is a poor sinner, with thy Divine Son, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, to whom be glory and honour and power both now and for ever. Amen. "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us now and at the hour of our death. Amen."

Torquay, Octave of the Epiphany, 1846.

A
WREATH
OUT OF THE
ROSES OF LORETTO.

I.

“We fly to thy patronage, O holy Mother
of God! despise not our petitions in our
necessities, but deliver us from all dangers,
O ever glorious and blessed Virgin!

“Pray for us, O holy Mother of God!

“That we may be made worthy of the
promises of Christ.”

We fly to thee on wings of love,
Thou sacred Queen! who reign'st above,
Enthron'd amid the Angel Choir—
Inflame our hearts, our tongues inspire.

Cause us to love thee more and more,
And day by day thine aid implore;
Nay, hourly teach us how to pray,
That thou wilt guide us on our way,

Angelic Mother of our God,
Life's thorny path by thee was trod;
Shield us from dangers, then, we crave,
Stretch forth thy hand, in mercy save.

And if the tempter find an hour
In which we yield him aught of power
To lead astray our erring feet,
O then his foul advances meet.

In sickness, or in glowing health,
Excess of poverty or wealth,
All that can tempt our feet away,
Be thou our succour and our stay.

Pray for us, Holy Virgin Queen!
Despise us not, though poor and mean.
Pray for us to thy blessed Son,
Whose will alone in us be done.

II.

"Lord, have mercy on us!

"Christ, have mercy on us!

"Lord, have mercy on us!

"Christ hear us! Christ graciously hear us!"

O Lord! from thy Heavenly dwelling-place deign
To look down on thy flock with a merciful eye,
On thy children still mourning in sorrow and
pain,
And graciously bend to the voice of their cry.

We mourn for thy kingdom, we thirst for thy
grace,
We long to be with thee in Heaven above;
When may we behold thee unveil'd face to face,
And drink the pure beams from that Centre of
Love!

Have mercy, dear Jesus! have mercy on all,
Who kneel at thy Altar and bow at thy name;
Have mercy on those who are struggling in thrall,
And Faith's holy freedom are striving to claim.

Then hear thou, Jehovah! the prayers of the
blest,
Who for mercy on us at thy footstool aye plead;
And her mild intercession for ever address'd,
Who feels like a Mother the depth of our need.

III.

"God the Father of Heaven, *have mercy on us.*

"God the Son, Redeemer of the world, *have mercy on us.*

"God the Holy Ghost, *have mercy on us.*

"Holy Trinity one God, *have mercy on us."*

God the Father of Heaven, thy children forgive;
God the Son, the Redeemer, have mercy we
pray;

God the Spirit, be pleas'd within us to live,
Till Heaven be our's for Eternity's day.

In compassion look down, gracious God, from on
high,

And dispel each dark mist that is floating
around;

Till we gaze up heart-gladden'd with Faith's
soaring eye,

While treading on Hope's bright and beautiful
ground.

And thou, blessed Charity! lead us, and shield us
From the enemy's darts as we toil on our way;
So that following the steps of the Lamb who hath
heal'd us,
We may enter the Kingdom attuning this lay.

"Thanksgiving and praise to thee, Father of
Heaven;
Benediction and honour to Christ, thy dear
Son;
And power unto thee, Holy Spirit, be given,
With glory to God, the thrice blessed in One."



IV.

“Holy Mary, pray for us.”

There was a Maid in Israël, whom God,
Before the fall of proud ungrateful man,
Had pre-ordain'd to be the sacred Temple,
Wherein the Word made Flesh should be en-
shrin'd,

Until His hour of birth to mortal life
And wo.—She was a Virgin, yet espous'd
To one who foster'd tenderly her youth—
When now behold the Heavenly Messenger
Came down to visit and to greet the Maid;
And with the look an Angel hath alone,
With voice no mortal may assume, and words
Pour'd out as liquid from a silver chalice,
Which man ne'er utter'd, nor could imitate,
The kneeling Gabriel announc'd his charge,
And stilling her surprise and modest doubt,
Delivered his commission.

At the appointed time the Babe was born,
The Infant Jesus—yet the Eternal Son;
The helpless child—and yet the Mighty God;
The outcast stranger—yet the King of Heaven,
The man of sorrows—yet the Sole-begotten
Wisdom of the Eternal Father.

O Mary! if the God of Heaven
And Lord of earth, Who said, and lo!
The world with all its varied multitude of crea-
tures,
Its matter, animate, inanimate, unseen
And visible—from darkness issued forth,
And grew into existence; if this God
Of might omnipotent, uncomprehended
Within the utmost verge of man's frail mind,
Deign'd to reside within thy sacred womb,
That the Creator was as if created,
Surely we little ones may safely turn
Our ardent gaze and earnest supplications
Towards thy dwelling-place; and with the eye
Of Faith beholding thee, a Queen enthron'd
Above the Angels, and almost within
The circle of the Deity itself,
May claim thy care, sweet Mother, and implore
Thy never-failing aid. Then hear us now,
Hear us, thy suppliant children, while we pour
Our griefs before thee; weary of our woes
And weight of sin and worldlings, we crave
Thy gracious succour; lay before thy Son
Our every need: give Him our love and service,
And win His pitying smile upon us now.
Oh! holy Mary, brightest Star of Heaven,
Shed o'er thy children thy benignant rays,
And ever hear us, ever pray for us.

V.

"Holy Mother of God, *pray for us.*

"Holy Virgin of virgins, *pray for us.*

"Mother of Christ, *pray for us.*

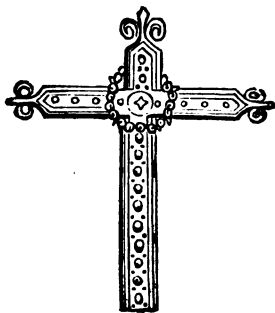
"Mother of divine Grace, *pray for us.*"

There is no tie on earth,
To which affection may give birth,
 Dearer than that of Mother;
There is no title which the heart
Can find its pure love to impart,
 Sweeter than that of Mother

There is no choicer word,
Which tongue hath told, or hear hath heard.
 No brighter word than Mother;
It raiseth up the heart to her,
To whom our earliest thoughts refer,
 A tender loving Mother.

And if it thus give birth
To the best feelings of this earth,
 That household sound of Mother,
Surely it should enchain our love,
To her who reigns a Queen above
 The blessed Virgin Mother.

Then looking up toward thee,
Thou Lily of fair purity,
 Thou the dear Saviour's Mother;
We crave thine ear this day,
Beseeching thee to pray
 For us, thou gracious Mother.



VI.

"Mother most pure, *pray for us.*

"Mother most chaste, *pray for us.*

"Mother undefiled, *pray for us.*

"Mother untouched, *pray for us.*"

My child, my child! never mar that flower;
Come, I will tell thee its magical power;
It giveth a lesson to thee and to me—
That flower is the emblem of purity.

Seest thou its upright, unbending stem,
With its pure white crown like a diadem?
Seest thou that diadem bending low,
As if modestly shunning its beauty to show!

Look at those petals of silvery white,
Girt round with a halo of heavenly light!
O pluck not that flow'r! shall I tell thee why?
It resembles the Virgin of purity.

That lily is lovely, but lovelier still
Was the flower that blossom'd on Bethlehem's hill;
And white as the snow, as its petals are,
That Virgin of virgins was fairer far

Then leave it, my darling! to blossom awhile,
To cheer the wild with its gentle smile;
So that daily that flow'r we may come and see,
And learn its lesson of purity.

VII.

“Mother most amiable, *pray for us.*”

O blessed Mother! teach me how to aim
At thy perfection;
Teach me how to claim
A nearer, holier connection
With thee, thou Mother of the Prince of Peace.
O bid my sorrows flee,
And all my griefs to cease,
That I may think on thee,
Nor turn away for other source of joy,
Thou amiable Queen!
Then life without alloy
Will borrow all its sheen
From thy blest presence! Knowing thou art near,
Thou loadstar of our love;
My body may be here,
But my thoughts shall be above:
And when the spirit leaves its mortal tent,
And wings its way from earth—
When the dream of life is spent,
Its sorrow, and its mirth—
When the last angel's mighty trump be heard,
O bear me to my nest,
O take the liberated bird,
And place it in thy breast.

VIII.

"Admirable Mother, *pray for us.*

"Mother of our Creator, *pray for us.*

"Mother of our Redeemer, *pray for us.*"

Mother of Jesus, hear a sinner's pray'r;
Take me beneath the mantle of thy care;
Place me within thy sheltering arms this day,
And far from Satan bear my soul away.

He wearies not, but stealthily will dart
His poison'd arrow at the uncover'd heart;
Content to wound, when not allow'd to slay—
Then, blessed Mother, bear thy child away.

Away from Satan and away from sin,
And teach me now perfection to begin;
Away from all that can reduce my soul
And make it swerve from its eternal goal.

Take me above, and place me where the Lamb
Will lead me forward to the great "I am;"
O thus, blest Mother! crown thy constant care,
Reject me not, nor this thy suppliant's prayer

IX.

“Virgin most prudent, *pray for us.*”

“Hail Mary! full of grace, all hail,
The Lord is with thee now;
Blessèd is He whom thou shalt bear,
And blessed too art thou.”

Such was the message from on high,
Which greeted Mary's ear;
She heard it in her purity—
But did that Virgin fear!

O no! but looking meekly down,
She bent at each glad word,
Her plenitude of grace to crown,
And thus the message heard.

Ne'er since was mortal nor before
Thus visited of God:
Never shall mortal being more
Thus tread the path she trod.

Prudent in all her ways, she met
The heavenly favour thus;
And as the Lord is with her yet,
She intercedes for us.

X.

" Virgin most venerable, *pray for us.*

" Virgin most renowned, *pray for us.*"

Can the love for a mother abate that pure feeling
Of worship which God from our spirits may
claim?

Or will He be jealous, as though we were stealing
Some portion of honour we owe to His name?
If love should attract towards our Mother in
Heaven,
Those hearts whose full homage to Him might
be given,

Oh! no, for this Mother retains our affection
On claims which Jehovah himself hath ap-
proved,

For angels and saints are all link'd in connexion
With their brethren on earth, who sojourn
remov'd

Yet awhile from their Home in the Realm of the
Blest,
Where their life will be joy in perpetual rest.

Thus my heart may a pure veneration surrender
To thee, Holy Mary, our hope and our love,
Which while winning thy clemency, haply may
render

My soul fit to dwell in the Mansions above,
When the spirit in death from the frail body flies,
That sown in corruption, in glory shall rise.

XI.

“Virgin most powerful, *pray for us.*”

What is man with all his power,
What the compass of his mind,
What but the creature of an hour
Of sin and pain and grief combin'd?

Where is all his vaunted strength?
It hath vanish'd as a dream,
Overta'en by death at length,
How little doth his greatness seem

But should his spirit soar on high,
Leaving its chrysalis behind,
And past the portals of the sky,
Be with the immortal wreath entwined.

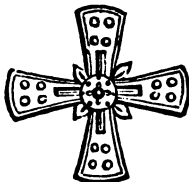
Then hath he power denied to man,
The angel's privilege is given,
Power the bright flame of Faith to fan,
Lighting earth's wanderers up to Heaven.

And hovering round the paths of those
Detained for earth's probation still;
He aids their struggles against foes,
And shields from harm and hurt of ill.

Thus she who bore the Son of God
Into this sinful world,
Who on the wily serpent trod,
The flag of Hope, unfurl'd,—

She who was holy, void of sin
And meet for Angel's praise,
Who bore her spotless womb within
The Lord of life and grace,

Is plac'd the Angel-host above,
And wields a matchless power
Before the Mercy-seat of Love,
That in the semblance of a Dove,
Bestowed on her this dower.



XII.

“Virgin most merciful, *pray for us.*”

Have mercy on us, thou of gracious mien,
Have mercy on us, Heaven's brightest Queen;
Look from thy golden throne of light on high,
In mercy hear thy children's plaintive cry.

O 'tis a bless'd privilege of ours
To thread the Paradise of Heavenly flowers,
And gaze upon the fairest rose in thee,
Thou spotless Gem—thou Pearl of purity.

O may the dew which sparkles on thy stem
Be gently shaken from thy diadem;
And earthward-bound, drop softly from thy
 bower,
Fraught with all healing of celestial power,—

And may my heart be open to receive
The kindly shower; and with joy perceive
Ambrosial flowers rising to the view,
Water'd within me, by that Heavenly dew.

Then hear us, Mary!—thou of gracious mien,
Have mercy on us, Heaven's brightest Queen;
Look from thy golden bed of light on high,
And deign to soothe the mourner's plaintive sigh.

XIII.

“ Virgin most faithful, *pray for us.*”

Holding erst a Mother's function
In the Infant Saviour's care,
Thou who filled with holy unction
All His pilgrimage didst share;
Thou who from that Son didst borrow
Solace under every grief,
Teach me how to suffer sorrow,
Give my wounded heart relief!

Faithful to the trust convey'd thee,
Watchful o'er thy blessed Son,
Who with filial love repaid thee,
From birth until his course was done.
Daily as my soul is verging
Towards its recompense above,
Bring it, ever-faithful Virgin,
Near and nearer to thy love.

Thou, the faithful, who didst wander
With thy Lord his life-long way,
Thou who o'er each word didst ponder,
Sleepless watching as He lay;
Thou, who bow'd in sad dejection,
Saw'st Him hanging on the Cross,
But His glorious resurrection
Joyfully restored thy loss,—

Hear me, Virgin-queen,—and gladden
This frail sinful heart of mine;
Turn that joyful which woes sadden,
Make it faithful, e'en as thine!
And when God is pleas'd to call me
From probation unto bliss,
Cause that death may not appal me,
Ward its sting, its bitterness.



XIV.

“Mirror of justice, *pray for us.*”

O that the justice of thy heart were mine,
And fus'd with mercy moulded e'en as thine;
Then should they form a being fit to shine,
Where all is holy that is not divine.

Then should this erring heart too perfect be,
For this dark world of sin and misery;
Then should my spirit soar above to thee,
And bend before the Throne of Sanctity.

From that high Throne did Christ the Lamb
depart,
To fill the spotless temple of thy heart;
While He that call'd thee Mother did impart
Thy every grace, and made thee as thou art.

Form'd without spot, immaculate of sin,
Didst thou thy earthly pilgrimage begin;
Thy face but mirror'd all contained within;—
Thus God created thee Himself akin.

XV.

“Seat of Wisdom, pray for us.”

Yes, thou indeed wert one of these wise virgins
Who ready for their Lord were found; thou
stood'st

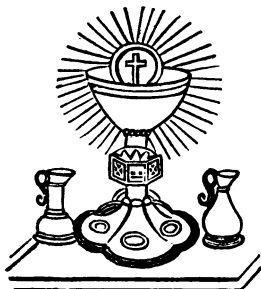
With lamp well trimm'd and deck'd as for the
bridal;

And He, thy Master, when He came and found
Thee watching, tarried not without, but went,
He and His train of glory, power and love,
Within thy heart's glad temple. Thus art thou
The fittest image to our faithful souls
Of Wisdom; and though now thy attributes
Are all perfection 'neath the eye of Him
Who suffereth but such to be His friends
And lov'd companions for eternity;

Yet with our shallow minds, as sons of earth,
And dim discernings, we must picture thee
The greatest to excel the where on earth
Thou shone; and thus we crave of thee, bright
Queen,

Thy blessing; wisdom, and thy choicest boon,
Humility! O may our hearts like thine
Be deck'd with that fair gem of price untold,
Drawn from the mines of heavenly love alone;

And when thus gloriously adorn'd, be pleas'd
To throw the mantle of thy wisdom o'er
Us all; that we like thee the Master's time
May bide, nor suffer ought to charm away
Our patient waiting for His coming hour!
Be with us, then, dear Mother, in that hour;
And let thy wisdom lead our stumbling steps,
And guide us safely to the blessed shore,
Which borders Heaven and its Eternity!



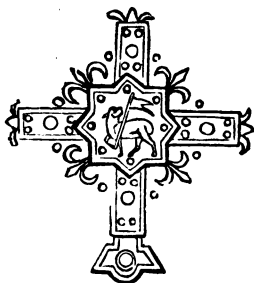
XVI.

“Cause of our joy, *pray for us.*”

Most gracious Mother of our Heavenly King,
We crave the power thy piety to sing;
Angelic mother of our risen Lord,
Chosen to be His care-taker and ward;
Selected ere the nations had their birth,
Or sin had brought its curse upon the earth,
To bear the Lamb, the Victim to be slain,
Through whom mankind might enter heaven
again;

That precious sacrifice of wondrous worth,
Whose blood alone can wash our stained birth,
And bring us to the Land of Heavenly joy,
The clime of happiness without alloy;
We venture now to kneel before thee here,
Thou source of purest love unmix'd with fear;
Thou, the mute guardian of the Saviour-Child;
Thou, the clear image of His soul so mild;
Thou, the rever'd and well-belov'd of Him,
Who drain'd grief's cup o'erflowing to the brim;
We turn to thee, thou Fountain of our love!
Thou Source of joy on earth and bliss above;
Thou Spouse mysterious of the Holy Ghost;
• Thou Queen of Heaven, and all its glittering host;

Thou Star above the billows of life's sea;
Thou Miracle of pure virginity!
Lady of Mercy, from thy heavenly throne,
Look down on those who still in sorrow groan,
And through the pangs which pierc'd thy sacred
heart,
Sweet consolation to our souls impart.
Refuge of sinners, teach us how to prize
Each loving token of thy sympathies;
Give us to drink of Grace's saving rill,
We that are sinning and repenting still.



XVII.

"Spiritual vessel, *pray for us.*

"Vessel of honour, *pray for us.*

"Vessel of singular devotion, *pray for us."*

O when my spirit shall plume its glad pinions,
And soar like the dove to its sanctified rest,
While it leaveth the earth, and its clay-cold
dominions,

May it stay not its flight till it maketh its nest
Where the amaranth blooms 'mid celestial bowers,
Inviting the stranger to heavenly peace,
And the zephyrs are laden with perfumes of
flowers,

Such as bloom but where sin's prickly thistles
have ceas'd.

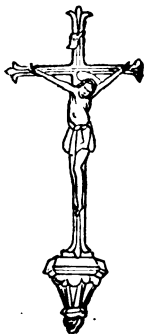
In that bright land of happiness known not to
mortals,

No sorrow shall canker, no trouble shall blight,
No rust shall corrode, and no thief near its portals,

Shall steal on his errand of darkness by night.
Oh no! but the rose in that kingdom so vernal,
Ever blossoms in safety and fearlessly smiles,
Whilst the birds who are singing 'mid glories
eternal,

Shall fear not the spoiler, shall heed not his
toils!

And there, mid the lilies and sweet-scented roses,
Mine eye shall behold a celestial Vase,
Which shall gladden my soul when its bright
wing reposes,
Nor long shall it doubt the enrapturing cause:
That Vessel of honour, of perfect devotion,
Enshrined the Redeemer and Saviour of man;
And oh, for the day when this dream of emotion,
My soul shall renew in all fulness again.



XVIII.

“Mystical Rose, *pray for us.*”

O let us gaze in thoughtfulness awhile,
And scan the petals of the opening rose;
O let us hush each sound, and stay each smile
Ere Time this bud in passing onward mows.

The blade of grass, the flower of the field,
Could raise within the heart a holy fane;
But now, this queen of flowers its tale shall yield,
This lovely rose unsullied by a stain.

The saints in glory shall be Heaven's Flowers,
And thou, blest Virgin, art the Rose, the Queen;
They twine around thee in celestial bowers,
And love to blossom where thy buds are seen.

The saints on earth look onward to that day
When God shall plant them near thy Root above,
Choosing a spot where they may humbly lay,
And gather odours from thy flowers of love.

Thou stretchest forth thy branches over all,
That bask in Heaven's sunshine round thy stem;
While they are drinking up the dews which fall
From thee, bright Gem, eternally on them.

That virgin blush which tinted thee on earth,
Still marks the surface of thy leaves, blest Rose;
Thy perfume now still images that worth,
That purity which up to Heaven arose.

When thou wert blooming in this world below,
The thorns of others pierc'd thy sacred heart;
Then wert thou mourning for thy Saviour's wo,
Then did thy Son His wounds to thee impart.

Now thou art planted near that Saviour's throne,
His Coronal of beauty to adorn;
And thus the sceptre of thy love we own,
Thou Queen of flowers, thou Rose without a thorn.



XIX.

"Tower of David, *pray for us.*

"Tower of Ivory, *pray for us.*"

The hour of prayer was come;
But ere the watchman's trump had signal'd forth
The much-lov'd season, he, the king had sped
His aged steps, and mounted to that tower,
Which prayer had sanctified. He waited not
To tune the harp-strings that his skilful hand,
Expectant of this peaceful silent hour,
In which his spirit was to revel with
Its God, had harmoniz'd, but with a bended knee
And upturn'd eye, king David poured his soul
Into a river of such melody,
The very angels must have look'd around,
And wonder'd if the Heavenly host had lost
One of its blessed phalanx.

Thus the hour
Pass'd on; and thus the royal minstrel, meek
And humble, aye, and penitent for sin,
Which erst had led him from his holy path
Look'd back beyond the period of youth,
Look'd back afar before his people were
A nation, and beheld the Tree of Life
Planted amid the Paradise of Eden.
There he in spirit saw the fall of man,
And tracing down his sad degeneracy,

Yearn'd for the coming of that bless'd hour,
When God Himself in mercy should descend,
And e'en be born of woman.

Thus the hour

Pass'd on; and thus the Prophet king with joy
Akin to rapture, while the tears ran down
In eager haste, his aged furrow'd cheek,
Centred the vision of prophetic faith,
Kindled in love and fed with holy zeal
Upon the time when Christ the Lord should come,
And dwell within that Tower of Ivory,
That Virgin Temple, aye, that royal Vase,
That fairest Flower amid his own fair daughters.
In thankful mood he rais'd his tuneful voice
Tuneful and sweet, and flexible as when
A shepherd-boy, he watch'd his father's flocks,
And though the weight of years now bent him
down,
He touch'd the strings to one loud song of praise,
And knelt awhile in prayer.

So thus the hour

Had pass'd; when downwards to his woe-worn
couch
The king descended; and that lofty tower
Was once again forsaken, save by those
Bright spirits from the regions of the blest
Who swept the strings and scatter'd thoughts
around,
While waiting till the hour of prayer should call
The Royal Psalmist to his God again.

XX.

“House of Gold, *pray for us.*”

Bring me the purest, and brightest ore,
Which the crust of earth e'er shaded;
Bring me the pearls from the fairest shore,
Where the diver hath ever waded.

Pluck each spotless and perfum'd gem,
Which outshines its fellow flowers;
Choose it all-perfect, from blossom to stem,
From amid earth's greenest bowers.

Raise up that gold like some Gothic fane,
For the Prince of peace to dwell in;
Let the pavement, the roof, and the storied pane,
Shine with pearls all price out-telling

Make it all-perfect, within and without,
With glory and beauty shining;
Let the greenest ivy be chosen out,
And grow round its pinnacles twining.

And plant all those fairest flowers of the earth
Round this temple of pure devotion;
And centre there each vision of worth
Which abideth in earth, sky, or ocean.

Thus shalt thou picture that House of Gold,
Where the Saviour of men descended,
Thus shall thy pencil her glories unfold,
Perfection and beauty blended.



XXI.

“Ark of the Covenant, *pray for us.*”

Jehovah look'd from Heaven above,
On man that He had made,
And mov'd with pity, rous'd His love,
And all His anger staid.

E'en when the serpent slid away
Forth from the face of God,
He told the coming of that day,
That Satan's power downtrod.

And when the holy Abraham left
His land, and wander'd forth,
Of home and country all bereft,
Out from the desert north,

The promise still was ratified,
That in his future seed,
Sin's bonds should be thus sunder'd wide,
Nor hell its captives lead.

For all the nations of the earth
The privilege should prize,
When God should give a Saviour's birth
From Abraham's seed to rise.

Thus Jacob looking on through time,
With Faith's prophetic eye,
Foretold that Shiloh's throne sublime
Should come ere Judah's die.

And thus e'en Balaam was constrain'd
The covenant to name,
Nor was there Prophet e'er restrain'd
From witnessing its fame.

Nor was the prophecy withheld,
"A Virgin should conceive,"
While Micah through the Lord beheld
The place, which should receive
Eternal honour from the birth
Of Christ, the Saviour of the earth.



XXII.

“ Gate of Heaven, *pray for us.*”

Thou, whose faith and grace abounded,
In this weary vale of tears;
Whose love the Saviour's path surrounded,
From infancy to ripen'd years.
Thou the wondrous living Portal,
Opening the celestial sphere,
Unto every trembling mortal,
Trembling both with hope and fear.

I have lov'd thee in the morning,
I have sought thee through the day,
And again at eve returning,
I have cast the world away:
And have fled to thy protection,
Thou who keepest Heaven's gate;
Trusting in thy mild affection,
And content my hour to wait.

Hear me then, thou gentlest Mother,
And if I should give to thee
What belongeth to another,
Him Who made both thee and me,
Teach me where my fond devotion
To thy sacred heart shall end,
And pour it in that boundless ocean,
Where my love with thine may blend,
And flowing round the Eternal Throne,
Our worship shall be God's alone.

XXIII.

"Star of the morning, *pray for us.*"

May my spirit be borne on the wings of devotion,
Nor stay its glad flight till it reach the blest
shore,
Where the Beacon of sinners, the Star of the
ocean,
Is gilding Life's waves till the voyage be o'er!

May that Star as it shines from the blue vault of
Heaven,
Be my Guide to the kingdom of glory and
peace;
And until poor mortality's chains are all riven,
It shall teach me to hope till the conflict shall
cease!

Then, Star of the Morning! still shine o'er Life's
ocean,
A Guide to our weary and wandering way;
Still claim by thy presence our heartfelt devo-
tion,
Nor let sin's murky clouds veil thy peerless
bright ray.

XXIV.

“ Health of the weak, *pray for us.*

“ Refuge of sinners, *pray for us.*

“ Comforter of the afflicted, *pray for us.*

“ Help of Christians, *pray for us.*”

Glory to thee, great God.

Glory to thee for all thy gifts to men,
And though with rapture flowing now as then,
O that the drops were gold from out my pen;
Glory to thee, great God.

We bow beneath thy rod,
Content to suffer if it be thy will,
To prize the good, tho’ temper’d with the ill,
And living martyrs die as martyrs still,—
Glory to thee, great God.

Jesus the path hath trod,
Which led thro’ many sorrows unto death,
Suffering for sinners till His latest breath;
And if like His, my soul thus journieth,
Glory to thee, great God.

Then, till the peaceful sod,
Enwrap my resting-place with cheerful green,
Let me beneath thy shadow still be seen,
Thou Help of Christians! and while thou art Queen,
Glory to thee, great God.

Glory to thee, great God!
Glory to thee for all thy wondrous love,
But now we praise thee that in Heaven above,
Christ's Mother reigns, Spouse of the holy Dove;
Glory to thee, great God.

And when beneath thy rod
We bend in sorrow, or our steps may err
From wisdom's ways, we yet look up to Her,
The sinner's Refuge, and their Comforter,—
Glory to thee, great God.

XXV.

"Queen of angels, *pray for us.*"

Queen of the Angel Choir,
Mother of Christ the King,
Shield us in danger's hour,
O'er us thy mantle fling.

We at thy footstool bow,
Homage and love to pay;
Look from thy glorious throne,
And all our griefs allay.

Send us an angel guest,
For ever to abide,
Within our spirit's home,
And drive away fell pride.

A blessed seraph send,
Who shall instruct our feet
To keep the wiser path,
To Christ the Mercy-seat

And grant us still, blest Queen,
A heavenly cherub here;
That we may feed on love,
When love itself is near.

But above all, be thou
Thyself our Angel Queen,
Blest Mother of our God,
Who reign'st in Heaven serene.



XXVI.

"Queen of Patriarchs, *pray for us.*

"Queen of Prophets, *pray for us.*"

O 'twas a blessed privilege for those
Who pin'd in secret anguish o'er their woes,
Who writh'd beneath the prickly thorns of sin,
And long'd for Christ His Kingdom to begin;
The holy influence of Faith to feel,
Within their spirits making its appeal;
Whose voice, tho' faint, to hope their spirits
 led,
And weary souls upon the future fed.—
So Faith upheld them, waiting for the day,
When Christ should come, to lead them hence
 away;
Thus the sage prophets of the ancient days,
Look'd onward to this love with faithful gaze;
And thus the patriarchal men of old,
Dwelt on the promises of God foretold;
And when that Saviour came and liv'd and died,
And broke their chains, and all their cords un-
 tied;
How must the Saints' glad Jubilee have rung,
How must the Angels' countless choirs have sung!

Oh! that my heart such anthems now could raise,
To swell the theme of everlasting praise;
Await thy time, my soul, and thou shalt see
Prophets and Patriarchs in eternity.

Thou shalt behold them thronging round the
Throne,

Of her who draws them round her as a zone,
Her who is crown'd Seer and Saint above,
Who chant her praises with perpetual love;
We know, my soul, her earthly glories here,
But when translated to another sphere,
When God shall bring us safely to that shore
Where storms assail the wanderer no more;
Then shall we join our voices in those songs
Of praise to God, eternity prolongs,
Of glory to His well-beloved Son,
Whose death upon the cross our victory won;
And homage to that ever-gracious Queen,
Who all the Hosts of Heaven outshines with
peerless sheen.

XXVII.

“Queen of Apostles, *pray for us.*”

O for the hour when my unbodied spirit,
Shall flee to its home in the azure above;
O for the day when my soul shall inherit,
A mansion of light in the kingdom of love.

But say, 'mid that happiness, perfect, unbroken,
And pure as its essence of glory Divine;
Shall the spirit retain not a thought, nor a token,
Of the friends who 'mid sorrow and sin yet
repine?

O yes; for that comforting holy communion
Of Saints still on earth with the Blessed above,
Shall draw the imprison'd and captive to union,
With the bird that hath flown on the wings of
the dove.

And that bird, when bedeck'd with the plumage
of Heaven,
Shall hover above its companions below,
And stooping, each prayer to its charge shall be
given,
Which bearing it then to its bright home shall
go.

And there it shall kneel to the Princes in glory,
The Choir of Apostles beseeching their aid;
Or turn to their Queen, and unfolding its story,
Invoke the meek prayers of that merciful
Maid.



XXVIII.

"Queen of martyrs, *pray for us.*

"Queen of confessors, *pray for us.*"

I love the trodden paths to efface,
Stern world, that cross the chart of life,
And some pure sinless line to trace,
Unhedg'd by sorrow or by strife.
And when the banner of the world,
Some doubtful gate is plac'd above,
I deem to seek, where points unfurl'd
Christ's standard to the goal of love;
Praise, blessed Father, praise to thee,
For this thy boon of Purity!

Again I love, and dearer still,
The Flag of Purity to find,
While void of worldliness or ill,
With glorious tints of red combin'd,
But Christ our Captain hath withheld
This privilege, nor given to all,
As those whose flag is so upheld,
Must fighting live—must fighting fall.
'Praise to the martyrs crowned in heaven!
And for their life-blood freely given.

But be it white, or be it fring'd
With sanguinary tint of red;
Be life with persecution ting'd,
Or e'en to death triumphant led;
Or be it smooth, and pure and calm,
Confessing, as by Christ confess'd,
With Martyr's cry, or peaceful psalm,
We'll journey onwards to our rest;
And at the ending of the fight,
In one loud song of praise unite.

"Praise to thee, Christ, our Captain King
Praise to thy Holy Name we sing!
We love to fight beneath thine eye,
And fighting, die for victory.
And when we land upon that shore,
Where strife and battle are no more,
Grant us, we pray thee, to be seen,
Beneath the banners of our Queen;
Before whose glance and glorious brow
The Confessors and Martyrs bow!"

XXIX.

“Queen of virgins, *pray for us.*”

Queen of the Virgin Choir,
We kneel before thee in submission here,
And humbly venture to approach thus near
Thy sacred footstool, which the Blest revere,
Who tune the Heavenly lyre,
And anthems raise—
Anthems of everlasting praise,
Which swell around thy silvery throne,
Thou holy virgin Queen!
Nor thus the angel host alone,
Amid thy worshippers are seen;
For we thy children now,
Before thy glittering diadem bow,
To claim thine ear,
Thou Virgin, above heavenly virgins dear!
Hear our petitions then,
And grant us peace,
Till the glad moment of departure, when
Our tribulations in the gulf of death shall cease.
O then, in that blest hour
Reveal thy power,
And stretching out thy hand,
Bring us before thee, 'mid that Virgin band
Of spirits pure,
Who minister to thee,
Thou bright and spotless Gem, thou Queen of
Purity!

XXX.

"Queen of all Saints, pray for us."

It was a vision; but a vision such
As seldom crosses the cold sleep of man,
For in his journies by the night, he goes
Full oft to pry among the world of wonders;
Fill'd with strange phantasies and stranger
shapes,
Which flitting move before him, much too wild
For sober thought to call again to being,
Whene'er the dormant faculties are risen,
And stirring, for the busy scenes of day.
It was a vision; and methought I soar'd
Far from the world's bleak reign, and hurried on
Up through the regions of the airless sky,
Fleeter than sound upon the wings of wind,
On through illimitable space. The earth's
Dull air forsook me; but a higher influence
Soon rapt me, and renew'd the dreams
Of all that fancy's busy web had wrought,
Of zephyrs cool whose wings were dipp'd in
fragrance,
Ambrosial perfumes from the Rose of Sharon,
And the white Lily of the Vale.
I felt that Heaven was nearing: and the clouds
Of doubt were scatter'd, when I staid my flight
Before the footstool of the Throne of God.

Ages appear'd to pass or e'er I dar'd
To look before me, or to lift mine eyes;
But when a voice in Heaven-born accents bade
My soul take courage, and pursue its flight,
To wander on for ever 'mid that clime,
To gaze around and join the Angel Choir,
I gave one long, one deep and earnest look
Upon that Face denied to mortal ken,
And turned away in search of one I lov'd
Dearer as nearer I had come to her.
And thus I wended to a silvery throne,
Beset by Angels and begirt with Saints,
And glittering with more than earthly words
Can call again to being. There she sat,
That Star of Heaven, the Queen of all the Stars,
The brightest Star amid the Galaxy
Of brightness: and I felt the music of
Her court outpour'd in soft and liquid notes,
Which then a thousand times ten thousand lips
Sung to her glory, creep around my heart,
And casting off the diffidence of earth,
I made essay to join that happy throng,
And lifting up my voice, I gave one shout,
The child of deep affection; but 'twas o'er;—
That shout of heartfelt praise had wak'd my
thoughts,
And breaking off my song of joy to her
Whom God had crown'd the Virgin Queen of
Heaven,
I sunk reluctant into Life's cold arms.

XXXI.

"Lamb of God, who takest away the sins
of the world, *spare us, O Lord.*

"Lamb of God, &c., *hear us, O Lord.*

"Lamb of God, &c , *have mercy on us."*

Lamb of God, look down and bless
Thy little ones with happiness;
Thou who comest here to die,
To cancel man's great misery;
Thou who takest sin away,
In mercy spare thy flock this day.

Lamb of God, our sorrows hear,
And heal our wounds with fostering care ;
Thou, the victim that wast slain,
Look down upon thy Fold again;
Suffer thy mercy to appear,
And all our supplications hear.

Lamb of God, have mercy thou,
Upon thine erring children now;
Though we have felt thy kindest love
Shower'd upon us from above,
We crave this love and mercy yet,
Blessed Lamb, our sins forget.

Lamb of God, thus pouring down
This mercy all thy gifts to crown,
Vouchsafe to bless us, and receive
The wreath of gratitude we weave,
One humble tribute more to raise
Of praise to thee, eternal praise.



XXXII.

"Christ hear us, Christ graciously hear us.

"Lord, have mercy on us.

"Christ, have mercy on us.

"Lord, have mercy on us."

Lo! at thy footstool we kneel to adore thee,
Beseeching, great Father, thy merciful ear;
Then suffer us now to arise from before thee,
Assured that our prayers thou wilt graciously
hear.

And thou, blessed Jesus, vouchsafe to commend
us,

To Him who ne'er sendeth the needy away;
We ask thy compassionate love to befriend us,
And the wrath of Jehovah our Father to stay.

XXXIII.

"Our Father, who art in heaven," &c.

O blessed Father! we have come this day
To kneel before thy Throne, and thus to pray!
We need not words our feelings to reveal,
We need not language for our heart's appeal;
For thou who knowest all things shalt discern
Our inmost thoughts, our deepest secrets learn;
But still in all humility we dare
To lay before thee, this our Saviour's prayer
Our gracious Father, who in Heaven above
Dweldest and reignest, God of Life and Love.
Hallow'd be thy great and glorious name;
Thy kingdom come, thy will fulfill'd the same,
As in the Heaven above, so here on earth.
Shield us, O Lord! from hunger and from dearth;
And giving us this day our daily bread,
May we in body and in soul be fed.
Forgive our trespasses as we forgive,
And let not anger in our bosoms live;
And far, great Father! from temptation lead
Thy faithful children in the hour of need,
And aye deliver us from evil's ways;
Amen. Glory to thee, and everlasting praise!

XXXIV.

"We fly to thy patronage, O holy Mother of God, despise not our petitions in our necessities, but deliver us from all dangers, O ever glorious and blessed Virgin."

To thee, blest Mother of our Heavenly King,
To thee, this tribute of my love I bring,
For I have felt thy potent agency,
In drawing me to Catholicity.

The Church of Christ, thy blessed Son's fond
Spouse,
Hath taught me where the suppliant rightly bows,
And since my spirit hath that Church obeyed,
It loves to own and manifest thine aid.

Yes, thou didst draw me, lead me to the feet
Of him who sifteth both the chaff and wheat,
And till I yield to God my latest breath,
I'll sing thy praises, e'en through life and death.

But having won from error's paths away,
My devious steps be pleas'd still to stay,
And when I reach the glorious Realm above,
May I for ever feed upon thy love.

Be thou the glass through which my praises dim,
Pure render'd, passing—so may reach to Him,
To whom is due our whole, our utmost praise,
To whom through thee I consecrate my lays.



XXXV.

"Pour forth, we beseech thee, O Lord, thy grace into our hearts; that we, to whom the incarnation of Christ thy Son was made known, by the message of an angel, may, by his passion and cross, be brought to the glory of his resurrection, through the same Christ our Lord. Amen.

"May the Divine assistance remain always with us. And may the souls of the Faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace."

Thy grace, Jehovah, is sufficient for us,
And we desire no more. Then give us grace
And we thy children, in all lowliness,
Will strive to rest content, assur'd our need
Will be supplied; so shall we live in peace
And wait the coming of the day of freedom.
Aye, this rich grace shall clothe the naked soul,
The hungry fill: shall house the wanderer,
The prisoner visit, and the sick shall tend.
The traveller through this world of thousand
flowers,
Shall look around, above, below,—and fill'd
With grace itself, shall trace that grace in all.
And did we not amid our wandering feel

And know that such must be, we still in faith
Should rest upon thy promise. Thou hast said,
And, Father, we believe it on the word,
“My grace it is sufficient for thee!”
Pour forth then, Lord, this grace into our hearts,
And teach us humbly to rely on Him,
Who left the power, the Majesty of Heaven,
And came and dwelt among us. Yes, He came:
Yet was it not as Angel’s visit here,
Assuming first the outward form of man,
And having told its heavenly embassy,
Winging its way once more to its blest Home?
Oh! no,—that Son of God, that King of Glory,
Did deign to come into the world of sin,
And woe, and misery; and in the crib,
Poor, friendless, and unknown, was born:
Growing in years from helpless infancy
To childhood, childhood on to youth,
And youth to manhood; the Son of Mary
Announc’d His wondrous errand, wandering forth
Without a pillow for His weary head.
Such was His life until the hour was come
When He expired upon the shameful Tree
Slain by the very hand of man, whose sin
He came to cancel.

Look upon us, Father.
Lord, from thy Throne of Light, look down dear
Jesus,
And take us to thy arms! We cry aloud
For mercy. Penitent we are and humble,

And crave thy Heavenly grace,
That it may lead us to its own blest Fount,
To thee, the Giver of each perfect gift,
So may we hopefully be brought to trust,
That through thy death and glorious resurrection,
We shall at length mount up on Angel's wings,
And dwell with thee in Everlasting Bliss.



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